

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND
Musical Repository.

NOVEMBER, 1801.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP is an affectionate union of two persons, nearly of the same age, the same situation in life, the same dispositions and sentiments, and, as some writers will have it, of the same sex. The ancient writers of morality are full of encomiums on friendship; while the poets and historians abound with the brightest examples of it. The friendship of Achilles and Patroclus, in Homer; of Nysas and Eurylas, in Virgil; and of David and Jonathan in the Sacred Writings, shew how strong an attachment may be formed by two persons of the same sex, and to what a degree of enthusiasm this attachment is sometimes carried. The moderns, indeed, though they seem to have abated of this enthusiasm, have not been able to extinguish it. Shining instances may be produced from modern history, of the force of friendship; nor are our own times, degenerate as they are, entirely without them. Nay, some of the ancients on this head, go so far as to say, that we may be unjust to others for the sake of our friend.

This sentiment, however, is of the most dangerous tendency, and ought always to be opposed by the much sounder maxim; Socrates is my friend, Plato is my friend, but truth is still my greater friend. There are two reasons in the nature of man, why friendship should form so conspicuous

ous a part in his character. One is, that even in the most degenerate state of the human race, there is a principle of benevolence and generosity, that prompts us to attachments to particular persons, without any expectation of benefit from them; another is, that every one finds himself so much in need of a person in whom he can confide; he finds his joys so much encreased, and his sorrows so much alleviated, when shared by a sincere friend, that it is no wonder we find few persons of sentiment without a person whom they call their friend. But however advantageous it may be to have a sincere friend, it is as dangerous to have a false one. Infidelity in friendship has been the foundation of many tragedies, and history is full of the fatal consequences which result from it. The strongest friendships are generally formed in youth, when we are the least capable of choosing a friend; and a greater misfortune cannot befall a generous youth, than to make a wrong choice, for such a one will find it a hard task to give up his friend, though he must do it or be involved in his crimes. Try your friend before you choose him, is the caution of all ages and nations; and Dr. Young illustrates and enforces this caution in his usual masterly manner, where he says "friendship is the wine of life; but friendship new, is neither strong nor sweet."

THE MONK OF THE GROTTO.

(Continued from page 231.)

IT may easily be supposed, after the character we have given of the Marchioness, that she had carefully studied that of the Countess Caprara; but the favourable impression which the engaging and kind deportment of her who was one day to be the mother-in-law of her dear Virginia, had impressed on her mind, made her reject those suspicions which her observations of a variety of unpleasant circumstances had excited in her bosom. She even repeatedly endeavoured to stifle that internal conviction, which may be denominated the consciousness of a just mind, and often necessitates us to experience sensations contrary to those by which we believe ourselves affected. She ac-

cused herself for the severity of her suspicions; however experience soon proved to her that they were but too well founded, and she at length discovered that the seductive charms of the Countess had deprived her of the heart of her husband. Too proud to give way to the last excess of her misery, but at the same time too sensible not to be deeply affected, a devouring grief preyed upon her vitals, and drained the sources of her life. In a short time she became merely the shadow of herself.

The Marquis accustomed to the extreme delicacy of his wife's health, seemed not wholly unconcerned at her sufferings, but he was far from attributing them to their real cause, by the care he took to conceal the passion with which the Countess had inspired him. He was one of those happy characters who contemplate every thing in the most agreeable point of view. Though weak to excess, he wished to appear possessed of unshaken firmness, and was incessantly boasting of the energy with which Nature had endowed him.—Hitherto the constant tenderness he had expressed towards his wife, had been more the result of habit, than of real and active sensibility. He had derived self-satisfaction from his apparent fondness; and, besides, he was desirous of being beloved: consequently he would have ever remained faithful to the Marchioness, if circumstances had not ordained it otherwise.

With regard to the Count Caprara, he was a brave and loyal gentleman, who recalled to the present generation the virtues and manners of his illustrious ancestors. A good father—a faithful husband—the slave of his word, and of unstained probity, he possessed every quality which characterizes a man of honour. Though somewhat blunt in his manners, yet his easy familiarity inspired, at first sight, a sentiment of benevolence, which esteem for his character soon converted into a solid and permanent friendship. He was passionately fond of hunting, and passed his whole time in traversing the mountains and precipices in pursuit of the game with which that part of the Apennines abounded. Every evening he returned, with gaiety in his heart, to the bosom of his family and friends, and each succeeding day renewed the same pleasures and occupations.

Such were the parents of Eugenio and Virginia.—Those amiable children, inseparable in their studies, their walks

and their amusements, enjoyed the present moment with delight, and contemplated in the future—pure and unclouded happiness.

Every morning, at sunrise, Eugenio, after having consecrated a certain time to study, flew to the house of Virginia. His heart palpitated with joy—his eyes were fixed on the balcony of the chamber where his young friend reposed; he watched the moment of her rising, and when the curtains of her windows announced, by their agitation, that Virginia had opened her beauteous eyes to the beaming morning, he could scarce contain the excess of his emotion.—Virginia soon appeared at the balcony, a thousand times more fresh and blooming than the blushing roses Eugenio had gathered to adorn her. She smiled on her friend, wafted kisses to him, then descending, accompanied by Laurina, her nurse, they all three hastened into the delicious groves which joined the house of the Marquis Spanozzi to Torre Vecchia. There, seated on the enamelled grass, they enjoyed their breakfast with that gaiety and happiness which is ever the companion of innocence.—They then abandoned themselves to a thousand sportive fancies, under the eyes of the good Laurina, who, placed at the foot of a tree, listened with delight to their mirthful sallies, and applauded the unaffected sentiments of tenderness they expressed for each other.

It was thus they spent the first hours of the day. Those consecrated to study, and the society of their parents, had no less charms for them; for the period had not yet arrived when they required to be alone, in order to be happy. But when the first years of youth were succeeded by that more ripened age, productive of the brilliant illusions of which it is too often the victim, they preferred solitude, and silence of the groves. Virginia appeared more tender, and Eugenio more passionate, when, seated beneath the leafy shade, they discoursed of their mutual love.

Among the delightful groves of the park of Torre Vecchia, there was one which claimed their peculiar preference: acacias, roses, laurels, and poplars, surrounded an elevated ground plot of verdant turf, planted with myrtles. It was there Eugenio had raised a rustic altar sacred to his future union with fair Virginia—each day they adorned it

with fresh flowerets; adjacent to it was a grotto, from whence issued a cascade, whose limpid waters lost themselves in mazy windings behind this enchanting spot. The cyphers of Virginia and Eugenio were engraved on every tree that shed its fragrance through the grove. They never entered it without renewing, at the foot of the altar, the oath of perpetual fidelity.

At length Time, which advances so rapidly when pleasure measures his steps, approached the period which was to unite the two lovers. Eugenio had attained his twentieth year, and Virginia was seventeen.

The preparations for the event, which was to confirm the connection of the two families, were in a state of forwardness, when the Marchioness Spanozzi appeared to droop under the weight of that malady which had for several years consumed her. A raging fever, attended with symptoms of the most alarming nature, threatened her dissolution, and the physicians soon pronounced that there were no hopes.

"My daughter," said the Marchioness to Virginia, who was bathed in tears at her bedside, "Oh my dear daughter! may the moment, which is fast approaching, be the last misfortune Fate has in reserve for you!—It was my earnest prayer to Heaven to have seen you married to Eugenio before my death; my entreaties have been rejected—I die without beholding that happy event, which could alone have afforded me consolation on this side the grave.—But remember my last wish," added she, elevating her voice, and assuming an expressive gesture, "I desire you to give your hand to your lover before the expiration of that period, which custom has prescribed for mourning the loss of a parent."

Virginia, whose sighs stifled her utterance, threw herself on her knees, and seized the hand of her mother. A mortal paleness overspread her countenance, and a few unintelligible exclamations expired on her lips. The Marchioness, who was unable to support the painful emotions which such a scene excited, made a sign to her attendants to remove Virginia from her chamber, and requested the Marquis, who had just entered, to leave her to herself. After having consecrated an hour to the duties of religion,

she sent to the Count Caprara to desire a few minutes private conversation. He attended her, and she employed the interview in recommending Virginia to his care, and obtained his promise, to unite the two lovers as soon as decency would admit of the ceremony being performed.

"It is in you, my dear Count," said she, "I place my whole confidence.—The Marquis, I have no doubt, dearly loves his daughter; but I am sensible of his extreme weakness, and shudder at the idea of his being persuaded to interdict an union, on which depends the happiness of my Virginia.—Eugenio is the only man who merits her;—his heart is devoted to her, and his affection is too sincere ever to be diverted to any other object. Suffer me, in my last moments, to enjoy the sweet and consoling hope that this lovely pair will be united in the bands of marriage."

The Count, whose soul was extremely moved at the earnest manner in which the Marchioness spoke, renewed his protestations of seeing her last request carried into execution. He was enlarging upon the plans he had traced out for the happiness and prosperity of their children, when he perceived that the Marchioness whose last words still vibrated on his ear, had for ever closed her eyes to the light of day.

With a heavy and aching heart, and a face bedewed with tears, the Count left the fatal chamber. The cries and lamentations of the domestics of the unfortunate Marchioness soon conveyed to Virginia the dreadful tidings that her mother was no more;——Let us draw the curtain over this mournful scene.—Virginia was deeply affected by the irreparable loss she had sustained; that amiable, unaffected, and becoming gaiety which had hitherto animated her charming countenance, was succeeded by a profound and habitual melancholy. Even the presence of her loved Eugenio was unable to force a smile; yet the tenderness and love she felt for him, seemed to have gained additional strength. She was never happy but when she was in his presence; and when he was compelled to leave her, her heart seemed weighed down by a fatal presentiment of her destiny, and torrents of tears suffused her lovely cheeks.

"Oh my Virginia!" exclaimed Eugenio, when he met her one morning in the groves of Torre Vecchia, and discovered on her palid countenance the traces of the tears she

had shed during the night, "Oh my Virginia! shall I never experience a termination of the misery that consumes me?—Will you not afford me the consolatory hope that we shall make each other mutually happy?"

Virginia heaved a deep sigh, and pressed the hand of Eugenio.

"Deprived of you," said she, "what would be the value of existence?—Alas! will the time never arrive when I shall consecrate myself wholly to you?—I know not the reason, but a terror, for which I cannot account, incessantly agitates me.—The last words of my expiring mother are ever present to my imagination—'May the moment which is fast approaching,' said she, 'be the last misfortune Fate has in reserve for you!'—Oh my dear Eugenio! if Heaven should not have heard this last prayer of the best of mothers—if I must live to deplore thy loss—alas! better would it be that I were to die this moment!"

Eugenio, on his knees, conjured her to divest herself of such gloomy thoughts. He recalled to her mind the last request of the Marchioness, who had fixed the period of their union at the expiration of three months after her death.

"More than half that time has elapsed, my dearest Virginia," he added; "in a few weeks our hands will be joined, as our hearts have long been.—Calm therefore, the effects of a too extreme sensibility. Our future prospects flatter us with the hope of a succession of peaceful and happy years; why then should we embitter the present moment by chimerical and groundless apprehensions?"

Virginia listened with delight to the soothing words of her lover. The soft accents of his voice insensibly calmed the emotions of her soul; and, though she was still the prey of melancholy, yet the first transports of her grief were succeeded by a mild resignation to the will of Heaven.

With regard to the Marquis Spanozzi, after having deplored the loss of his amiable Lady for a few days, he had so far consoled himself, that the tears of Virginia became insupportable to him; he studiously avoided her presence, and passed his whole time with the Countess, whose society appeared to him to have more charms than ever.—The Count Caprara sincerely regretted the death of the

Marchioness; but the pleasures of the chase, which had ever constituted his ruling passion, diverted his sorrow, and he devoted his time to the enjoyment of them with increased ardour.

The three months fixed upon as the period for the marriage of Virginia and Eugenio, had elapsed. It was determined that ceremony should be performed without that pomp and parade usual upon such occasion; and the Chaplain of Torre Vecchia was made choice of to give the nuptial benediction to the young and lovely couple.

On the eve of that day which had been anticipated with such impatience, Eugenio conducted his beloved Virginia to the grove sacred to their virtuous attachment. It was on an evening in the month of September; the air was calm, and an oppressive heat had withered the flowers which decorated the rustic altar. Eugenio, enraptured with the idea of his approaching bliss, hastened together fresh ones; he formed chaplets of myrtles and roses, which he suspended on the trees engraven with the name of Virginia; then throwing himself at the feet of his beautiful mistress, he seized her fair hand, pressed it to his beating heart, and exclaimed.—

“I swear, adorable Virginia, to consecrate my whole life to your happiness.”

“And I,” replied Virginia, reclining on the bosom of her Eugenio, who passionately embraced her, “I also swear before Heaven, to live for you alone.”

Whilst these two affectionate lovers were mutually occupied with the most amiable of human passions, and, enchanted by the excess of their love, seemed to disregard every other object of nature, the sky became suddenly obscured—dark clouds, the presage of a storm, gathered round the lofty tops of the Apennine mountains—the wind rose with terrific murmurs, and agitated the flexible branches of the trees which formed the grove sacred to love—several loud claps of thunder, accompanied with a torrent of rain, at length forced Eugenio and Virginia to take refuge in the rotto. In a short time the storm increased with redoubled fury, the heavens appeared on fire, the forked lightning rent the clouds, the thunder rolled without intermission, and the rain overflowed the recesses of the grotto.—Virginia, terrifi-

ed, placed one of her hands before her eyes, while with the other she pressed the arm of Eugenio. At that moment a violent peal of thunder shook the earth around them. Virginia uttered a piercing shriek, and fainted in the arms of her lover. When her senses returned, she perceived the lightning had fallen upon the grove consecrated to Hymen; trembling, and almost breathless, she exclaimed—

“ Oh Eugenio! what a dreadful and terrifying omen!”

Eugenio returned no answer, but pressed her to his breast.

“ To-morrow, my beloved,” said he “ you will be mine for ever. Calm the agitation of your mind; the storm will soon disperse. Let us endeavour to return to the Castle, where our absence must doubtless have created considerable uneasiness.”

They arose, and left the grotto.

The rain had ceased; the setting sun gilded the verdant scenery, and its rays imparted their brilliant splendour to the transparent drops suspended from the foliage of the trees which were gently shaken by the soft breath of balmy zephyrs. The Apennines, crowned by a magnificent and splendid rainbow, formed the limits of an horizon, in which not a single cloud obscured the rich prospect; innumerable flowers exhaled their odoriferous perfumes, while flocks of little birds fluttered their light pinions, and with their sweet songs saluted the last rays of the bright star of day.

Eugenio and Virginia were struck with grief when they entered their favourite grove; the rustic altar was wholly destroyed, and presented only a shapeless mass of earth, inundated by water, and strewed with the broken branches of the surrounding trees.—This was all that remained of a place which, but a few hours before, was animated by every gift of Nature, and where the choicest flowers enchanted the eye with their varied shades. Virginia could scarce contain the sorrow this sad spectacle excited in her tender breast, when her attention, as well as that of Eugenio, was diverted by loud cries of despair, which seemed to proceed from the Castle.

They hastened towards the spot; but hardly had they traversed a few walks of the park, when they met Laurina, whose tears and pale looks chilled them with affright.

"Oh my children!" she exclaimed, "whither are you going?—You will, alas! too soon learn the dreadful event that has happened."

As she finished these words, she endeavoured to prevent Eugenio and Virginia from proceeding; but it was impossible for her to succeed—Virginia, in particular, ran with the swiftness of an arrow.

"Stay, stay," said Laurina. "Oh my dearest child! return, and I will inform you of an event, which I should dread your hearing without being prepared for it."

Virginia, out of breath, suddenly stopped; Eugenio seized her trembling hand, and both approached Laurina, whose eyes were bathed in tears. She said to them—

"Heaven, my dear children, has put your fortitude to a terrible trial.—The Count—alas! the Count——"

"My father!" exclaimed Eugenio; "gracious Heaven! what has happened to my father?"

"He was engaged, as you know, in his favourite amusement, hunting, when his horse, terrified by the storm, became ungovernable, and rushing with incredible speed to the brink of a steep precipice, fell to the bottom of the dreadful abyss beneath it, from whence the Count has been withdrawn, with scarce any signs of life."

Eugenio waited not to hear the end of this horrid recital—he was already afar off. Virginia, overpowered with grief, was unable to support herself; she leant on the arm of Laurina, and both directed their steps towards the Castle. As they approached, the lamentations of those within became more distinct.

"Are there no hopes?" said Virginia, in a tone of voice scarcely intelligible.

"The surgeon," replied Laurina, "had pronounced that the Count could not survive many minutes; and when I left the castle, he was insensible and speechless."

They arrived at that moment at the Castle gate; the court-yard was filled with a crowd of domestics and vassals belonging to the Count, who were shedding tears, and expressing, by the excess of their sorrow, how much that worthy Nobleman was beloved by them.

Virginia rushed through the hall, and hastened to the chamber of the unfortunate Count. He had just breathed his last sigh! Eugenio on his knees, and his head resting on his father's hand, appeared as immovable as the lifeless body of his honoured parent.—On seeing Virginia, he raised his head, heaved a deep sigh, and resumed the same attitude. The faithful Laurina, who had followed her young mistress, perceiving the excessive grief with which she was penetrated, drew her, in spite of her efforts to prevent her, from so heart-rending a scene; while the Marquis Spanozzi rendered the same attentions to the Countess, whose sighs and exclamations of grief alone interrupted the mournful silence which reigned in the chamber of the deceased Count.

"Eugenio, my dear Eugenio!" repeatedly exclaimed Virginia; but her lover remained with the body of his deceased parent; nor quitted it till it was deposited in the tomb of his noble ancestors. That duty finished, he presented himself before Virginia, who appeared terrified at the alteration which the indulgence of grief had produced upon her only friend. They mutually deplored the loss of that parent who was so dear to them both; and it was only by renewing the remembrance of his affection, they alleviated their sorrows.

The Countess shut herself up in her apartment, and at first would suffer no one to come near her, except her son; but in a few days the Marquis Spanozzi was introduced, and remained constantly with her.

A month passed away in this manner, and the death of the Count Caprara was only to be traced in the grief of Eugenio and Virginia. The Countess had resumed her gaiety and usual mode of living; she no longer concealed the favourable sentiments with which the Marquis had inspired her, and he, on his part, seemed to live but for her alone.—Eugenio and Virginia, left to themselves, scarce attracted their attention; they no longer mentioned their marriage, or even deigned to fix the most distant period for the conclusion of an event, which had till then been the constant wish of the two families.

Eugenio, indignant at such extraordinary conduct, determined to demand an explanation of his mother. With this

view, he repaired one evening to her apartment, and having found her alone, he, without any introduction, expressed his surprise at her silence, and that of the Marquis, upon a subject which had ever appeared to have been nearest their hearts.

"I know, Madam," added he, observing she wished to interrupt him, "that you will tell me, the respect we owe to the memory of my deceased father, does not allow us to occupy ourselves with that ceremony, which I have been accustomed from my earliest youth to consider as the sanction of my happiness. I admit the propriety of the objection; and all I require is, that you will inform me of the remotest period you have fixed upon for the consummation of my wishes."

The countenance of the Countess, which, at the commencement of her son's address, appeared angry and forbidding, suddenly assumed a more engaging aspect. She appeared kind and affectionate.

"What, my dear Eugenio!" she exclaimed, "can you doubt the earnest desire I experience to behold the arrival of that day which shall crown your hopes? But you are sensible that the death of your father has left a variety of affairs which are necessary to be adjusted before the conclusion of your marriage. This precaution is even necessary, in order to insure to Virginia an independent fortune. The Marquis thinks as I do; and we have determined to defer your union till the ensuing summer. The apprehension of giving you uneasiness, by delaying it to so distant a period, has prevented my communicating our intentions to you sooner; but your conduct has now forced me to speak to you with frankness, and I hope you will not disapprove of those reasons which have induced the Marquis and myself to preserve silence upon a subject, which, nevertheless, has incessantly occupied our thoughts."

Eugenio felt extreme difficulty in restraining the grief which the discourse of his mother excited in his breast; but the purity and goodness of his soul would not allow him to entertain the least doubt, as to the sincerity of the motives by which she appeared actuated; he was, however, deeply affected at the idea of being compelled to defer, to so distant a period as eight months, an union which he had

fondly hoped he was on the eve of concluding, and now more than ever had become the wish of his soul. He quitted the presence of his mother with a sad and dejected air, and hastened to give an account to Virginia of the conversation that had passed between them. The two lovers sought in their reciprocal tenderness, that courage and strength of mind which was necessary to enable them to submit to so unexpected a protraction of their happiness. The repetition of their vows of loving each other to the latest hour of their lives, formed the only consolation of which they were susceptible.

The winter passed away in gloomy sadness; that period of the year, in which Nature seems clad in mourning, possessed a melancholy accordance with the situation of Virginia and Eugenio. The heavy hours proceeded slowly in monotonous succession, unaccompanied with that sweet solace the preceding year had afforded, by the presence of those tender and affectionate parents who now rested in the silent grave.

Since the death of the Marchioness Spanozzi, the two families had lived together at Torre Vecchia. Virginia and her father occupied one of the towers, which formed the angle of the Castle; the apartments of the Countess and Eugenio were in the center; and at the other extremity was the chapel, in the vaults of which were the tombs of the Counts of Caprara.

Virginia had for some time observed that the young Stefano, the son of Laurina, kept his eyes perpetually fixed upon her with an expression of earnestness which indicated a wish to communicate some secret. At length one evening, as she was entering her apartment, she perceived Stefano at the door;—as soon as he observed her, he made a sign to keep silence; then approaching her, he said, with a low voice—

“ I have a circumstance to communicate to you highly interesting to your happiness; and I entreat you to favour me with a quarter of an hour’s conversation.”

Virginia, extremely surprised, desired him to follow her to her chamber.—Stefano hastened to obey her; he listened whether any one was near; then, closing the door, addressed himself to Virginia, whose curiosity was excited to hear what he had to impart.

"My attachment, and the concern I feel in whatever relates to you," said he, "added to the gratitude with which the favours conferred by Eugenio have inspired me, will not allow me to conceal an event of the deepest importance to you both.—About four months after the death of the Count, as I was retiring to my room, Rinaldo, the valet-de-chambre of the Marquis, desired me to follow him. He conducted me to an apartment near the chapel, where I found two men, whose persons were wholly unknown to me; as soon as they saw me, they rose, without uttering a word. I desired Rinaldo to inform me for what purpose he had conducted me there; but had scarce finished my question, when the Marquis himself entered. He surveyed us with attention; then approaching Rinaldo, he said—'it is well—I am satisfied;' he added something which I could not distinctly hear, and then went out.—Rinaldo drew a paper from his pocket, which he appeared to read attentively; after which he ordered me to remain where I was, and leaving me, proceeded to the chapel. Half an hour passed without any thing occurring, and during that period I in vain endeavoured to enter into conversation with the two persons he had left with me; but they persisted in observing the most profound silence. I confess I was somewhat terrified at these mysterious proceedings. At length the clock struck twelve, and soon after I perceived the Marquis enter, leading the Countess by the hand; they ordered us to follow them to the chapel, where we found the Chaplain and Rinaldo. The altar was illumined with a number of wax-tapers; we were desired to place ourselves near the communion-table. The Chaplain opened a large book, and read the nuptial benediction. As soon as the ceremony was finished, Rinaldo, my companions, and myself were desired to sign our names as witnesses to the marriage of the Marquis and the Countess. The Marquis obliged us to take an oath not to divulge what had passed, until the period when he should think proper to make it public. I confess to you, Madam," said Stefano, "that the idea of you and Eugenio instantly occurred to my imagination, and produced the most lively sensations; I know not how to account for it, but the mysterious and secret manner in which this marriage was performed, struck me with a notion that all was not right; and while my companions swore on the holy Gospels to preserve the secret required of them, I, by a mental

reservation, excluded you from the number of persons to whom I vowed never to reveal what I had witnessed. I have hitherto waited, in hopes of seeing your marriage with Eugenio concluded; but as the period appointed for it is suffered to elapse, without any mention of such an event, or preparations for its consummation, I have thought it my duty to inform you of all that has passed."

During this recital, Virginia several times changed colour. She thanked Stefano for his zeal, and dismissed him, after having requested him not to let what he had communicated to her transpire. As soon as she found herself alone, she began to ruminate upon the extraordinary event of which she had just heard. The clandestine marriage of her father with the Countess filled her soul with inexpressible sorrow; a presentiment of some dreadful calamity oppressed her spirits; the tears trickled from her eyes, she clasped her hands in each other, looked intently on the earth, and in that attitude revolved in her mind the details of Eugenio's last conversation with his mother. She had stated the perplexity of the Count's affairs, as the only reason for retarding the marriage of his son. How then happened it that she had not herself waited for the adjustment of those affairs, before she consented to an union with the Marquis? Was it merely a pretence? Did she wish only to gain time, in order to break off her son's marriage altogether?—Virginia, incapable of supporting the grief, which the bare supposition of such a possibility excited in her breast, fell on her knees, wept with all the bitterness of woe, and invoked the sacred memory of her departed mother.

"Oh! you," she exclaimed, "who now, in the regions of the blessed, enjoy the recompence due to your virtues—you, my dear, my tender, and respected mother, intercede with the great Disposer of human events for your poor unprotected Virginia;—hover round her, and shield her from the arrow of Fate, which threatens to pierce her heart!—May the last vow of your expiring breath ascend to the throne of mercy, and prevent me from being for ever torn from my beloved Eugenio!"

Virginia felt herself in some degree consoled by this animated expression of her sensibility, and waited the return of day with impatience, determined to inform Eugenio what

Stefano had related to her. At the first dawn of light, she hastened to the park, passing in her way under the window of Eugenio, in hopes that he would perceive her, and would lose no time in joining her company.

It was the latter end of the month of March, and the cold air rendered the walk by no means agreeable at so early an hour; a dewy mist veiled the beauty of the country, and a few stars still twinkled in the heavens. Virginia, abandoned to her sad reflections, proceeded with a slow and pensive air, till she insensibly found herself at a considerable distance from the Castle.—The sun had risen in its full splendour, and gilded the light clouds and mountain tops with his rays; at length the neighbouring village clock struck eight, and Eugenio had not yet appeared, Virginia, agitated by surprise and terror, hastened back to the Castle, to know the cause of his delay.

On entering the hall, she met her father.

"I was on the point of sending for you," said he, in a tone of severity which she had never before witnessed from him. "Order breakfast to be immediately prepared."

"I hope, Sir," replied Virginia, with an air of timidity, "that you are well—that nothing has happened to the Countess, or—to Eugenio?"—A deep sigh stifled her utterance, and she was unable to retain her tears.

"What means this childish folly?" exclaimed the Marquis, frowning; "divest yourself, I desire, of these tragic airs, which render you insupportable to every one. I assure you I can no longer suffer them."—On finishing these words he turned his back, and hastened to the breakfast parlour.

The tender and sensible Virginia, frozen with horror at so unexpected a reception, remained for some minutes immoveable on the spot where the Marquis had left her; but her anxiety for Eugenio soon restored her to her recollection. It was the first time he had ever delayed meeting her; a thousand fatal ideas, justified by the misfortunes she had experienced during the last year, made her soul shudder. She hastened to the apartment of Eugenio—he was not there;—she then flew on the wings of love to every spot where she hoped to find him, but her search was in vain.

Fatigued, and oppressed with her disappointment and grief, she returned to her chamber, and rang her bell with violence.

"Where is Eugenio?" said she to Laurina, the moment that faithful servant entered the room.

Laurina, struck with the paleness and depression of her young mistress, was some time before she was able to return any answer.

"Alas!" exclaimed Virginia, "you do not answer me;—has any accident happened to Eugenio?"

"Calm yourself, my dear child," said Laurina. "Gracious heaven! what has produced the agitation and extraordinary alteration I observe in your countenance! Eugenio was well two hours ago; I met him on his way to the park, but a servant of the Countess having whispered a few words in his ear, he instantly returned to the Castle."

Virginia, comforted by this explanation, threw herself into the arms of her nurse.—"Pardon the concern I have caused you, my dear Laurina," said she; ; but my poor brain is so weakened and distracted by what I have lately suffered, that I cannot support the torture of anxiety. Besides, I have passed a wretched night, and am far from being well. Suffer me to recover myself, in some degree, from the trouble that oppresses me, and go and prepare breakfast for the Marquis."

Laurina went out to obey the orders she had just received; and Virginia, after having occupied a very short period at her toilet, went down to the parlour. She found the Marquis seated near a table; he was reading, and did not even raise his eyes from his book to notice her entrance. Virginia, perceiving that her father still preserved the same air of severity towards her, which had already given her so much pain, felt her heart oppressed with grief, and, approaching the table in silence, made the necessary arrangements for breakfast.

She was occupied in this task when the Countess appeared, accompanied by Eugenio;—the latter, instead of sitting as usual, to the dear companion of his infancy, retired to the window, where, leaning his head on his hand, he seemed buried in deep thought, and overwhelmed with sadness.

The Countess, after having placed herself near the Marquis, cast a disdainful look towards Eugenio, and made a sign to Virginia to seat herself near her.

"You are doubtless surprised," said she, assuming an air of gravity, "at the extraordinary conduct of this young man; but you will be more so when you have learned the cause of it, and you will blush at the weakness of him who is destined to be your future husband. Yesterday evening," continued the Countess, "I received a letter from my brother-in-law, the Cardinal Caprara, by which I am informed that the presence of Eugenio is absolutely necessary at Rome."

"At Rome!" exclaimed Virginia, clasping her hands, "Ah Madam! you cannot require—surely you cannot require that Eugenio should quit—"

At that moment a frown from the Marquis made the remainder of the sentence expire on her lips; she cast down her eyes, turned pale with affright, and remained almost motionless in her chair.

"You are too good, Madam," said the Marquis, "to enter into explanations with this silly girl, as to the conduct you think proper to adopt with regard to your son. Eugenio must depart—that is an event determined upon, and no one has the least right to demand an account of the motives that influence his departure."

"Pardon me, my dear Marquis," replied the Countess; "it is my duty to inform the destined bride of my son of the causes which may, for a time, retard her union with him.—Calm your grief, my dear Virginia," she continued, with an appearance of concern and tenderness. "Indeed, Sir, you have terrified her by the manner you have expressed your displeasure, which, however it may prove the energy of your character, has too much the appearance of severity."

"I cannot submit to her folly," said the Marquis; "I should blame myself if I was capable of such weakness; but perhaps I might have expressed myself with rather more mildness than I have done. Act as you think proper; I shall sanction whatever you may determine, with regard to the destiny of my daughter."

Eugenio, during this interval, had approached his mother. He thanked her, by an expressive look, for the kindness she

had expressed towards Virginia; he seized the hand of each of them, and kissed them with all the fervour of affection; then falling at their knees, he seemed anxiously to entreat the Countess to inform Virginia of that which he had not courage to communicate himself.

"It is useless, my dear children," said the Countess, "to repeat the reasons which have determined the Marquis and myself to defer your marriage. You are aware that the affairs of my late husband require some time to adjust; however, owing to the zeal and activity of my agent at Bologna, I am at length assured that my son will succeed nearly to the whole of his father's fortune; that fortune, however, is unhappily far below my expectations. The Count Caprara, two years previous to his death, became surety, in a considerable sum of money, for one of his friends; that friend has, in consequence of an affair of honour, been obliged to fly the country, and has left us to discharge the full amount of the obligation. I have every reason to hope that Eugenio will one day be reimbursed what we are necessitated to advance; but, in the mean-time, it is requisite that the temporary embarrassment this circumstance will occasion, should be supplied by the exertions of Eugenio. With that view I have written to the Cardinal Caprara, his uncle, who enjoys the confidence of the Pope at the Court of Rome. I have requested him to use his influence with his Holiness on behalf of my son, and to obtain a recommendation for him, either to the King of Naples, or the Grand Duke of Tuscany; for it is absolutely necessary Eugenio should obtain some employment, the emoluments of which may enable him to support his own rank, and maintain his Virginia in that splendour to which she is entitled by her merit. Yesterday evening I received the answer of the Cardinal: it is as favourable as I could have hoped. He has written to me that the Pope is perfectly disposed to accede to his request, and promised to exert his interest to the utmost; but his Holiness desires to see the young candidate before he solicits the honourable post for him he has in contemplation. The Cardinal insists that Eugenio shall immediately set out; and appears to abandon himself, with a degree of pleasure and satisfaction, to the idea of beholding a nephew, whom he considers as the sole remaining support of his illustrious family. Judge, therefore, my dearest Virginia,"

added the Countess, "whether I am to blame in requiring the departure of my son; and whether I have not reason to be dissatisfied at the repugnance he expresses to obey me."

Virginia remained silent; her countenance was pale as the lily of the vale; her beautiful eyes were fixed immovably on the earth, and her throbbing heart agitated her lovely bosom. A fervid kiss, which her dear Eugenio imprinted on her fair hand, thrilled her whole frame; she contemplated her lover with a look expressive of the violence of her affection, then addressing herself to the Countess she said—

"Yes, Madam, your son owes it to his duty to depart. Heaven forbid I should be an obstacle to his advancement, or the fortune that awaits him! I shall submit to a separation which, I will not attempt to disguise, overwhelms me with the extremest affliction. My resignation shall supply that courage which, I confess, I am unequal to upon so trying an occasion."

"Oh my loved Virginia!" exclaimed Eugenio, clasping her within his arms, "I will depart, since Fate ordains it;—but, believe me, the desire of returning to you will alone give animation to that heart, on which your image is engraven.—I will describe you to my honoured uncle—I will paint to him your unrivalled beauty, and the virtues that adorn you. He cannot but partake in my just and natural impatience to return to the companion of my youth—to my adored, my affectionate bride.—I will hasten back on the wings of Love; and then, I hope, no obstacle will retard the consummation of my happiness.—I appeal, Madam, to your promises," added Eugenio, addressing the Countess with an air of seriousness; "my confidence in you, and my respect for your commands, have determined me to yield to your wishes; and I dare hope that you, in your turn, will compensate me for the sacrifice to which I have submitted, and that you will bestow on me the only recompence to which my soul aspires."

"Doubt me not," replied the Countess, at the same time casting a look upon the Marquis, the singular expression of which forcibly struck the attention of Eugenio.

"With regard to myself," said the Marquis, "I am perfectly satisfied with the conduct of these children. I am of

opinion, Madam, we ought no longer to leave them in ignorance of—— You comprehend my meaning?"

"Act as you think proper," replied the Countess, at the same time concealing her countenance from the observation of Virginia.

The Marquis rose, and taking Virginia by the hand, led her towards the Countess.

"Salute your mother," said he; "it is now some months my dear daughter, since I have had the happiness of uniting my destiny to that of this charming woman. We have been influenced, by several motives, hitherto to keep our union secret; I hope you will not be anxious to learn why we have thought proper to conceal it from you. You may naturally conclude that we were actuated by sufficient reasons for the conduct we have adopted; and it would ill become you to desire minute explanations from the author of your existence:—suffice it to inform you, that it is the Marchioness Spanozzi, to whom you owe that respect and obedience which, in a short time, she would have claimed of you as the mother of your destined husband.—And you, Sir," continued the Marquis, addressing himself to Eugenio, whom surprise had rivetted to the spot where he stood, "I dare flatter myself that you will have no repugnance in regarding the father of Virginia as your own. This new tie cannot add to the affection I feel towards you; but it anticipates the period at which I hoped for the pleasure of calling you my son."

Eugenio knelt respectfully, and pressed in silence the hand which the Marquis held out to him; while the Countess, whom we will henceforth call the Marchioness Spanozzi, was lavish of her caresses of Virginia.

It was agreed that Eugenio should set out on the afternoon of the same day. Virginia, who felt that resolution she had assumed, fail her, left the room, accompanied by her lover. They proceeded, with mournful steps, towards the park, and there abandoned themselves, without restraint, to that grief excited by the prospect of a separation, of which, the evening before, they had not entertained the slightest idea.

Whilst, arm in arm this fond pair traversed the green alleys and shady groves, the silent witnesses of their mutual tenderness; and mingling their tears, renewed those vows

of unalterable affection they had repeatedly plighted to each other, the new marchioness Spanozzi exulted in the thought of having succeeded in her design of sending away her son, without any one having discovered the real motives by which she was actuated.

This woman, as we have already observed, did not love Virginia;—she had been induced, against her inclination, to consent to her union with Eugenio: her object was, that he should marry one of her nieces, whose fortune was considerable, and whose external charms she was not apprehensive would rival her own. The Count Caprara, on the contrary, having had no other motive than the happiness of his son, had sworn that Eugenio should never marry any other than Virginia. It has been seen by what unhappy accident the ill-fated Count descended to the tomb, on the eve of the expected nuptials; from that moment his widow who remained the sole arbitress of the destiny of Virginia, had determined she should never be the wife of Eugenio. She had nothing to do, but to persuade the Marquis to adopt her sentiment, and in that she found no sort of difficulty. She employed all those means of persuasion she possessed over his mind, and succeeded even beyond her most sanguine hopes. The plan she had formed, had for its object not only to break off the marriage of her son with Virginia, but to secure to herself a considerable fortune.

Born of an illustrious family, and endowed with all the gifts of Nature, the Countess Caprara, as well as her sisters, had been destined to a monastic life, in order that the young Count Vizzani, their brother, might enjoy the whole fortune of their House. From their earliest years they had been bred up in the seclusion of a Convent. Her eldest sister had already consecrated to Heaven a life which she was not allowed to pass in the world; and on the day when that victim of ambition and parental authority pronounced the vows, at which her heart secretly revolted, the young Olivia Vizzani, her sister, then about fifteen years of age, caught the attention of the Count Caprara.—His soul was enchanted by her extraordinary beauty; and the idea of the sad destiny reserved for so charming an object, determined him to rescue and espouse her.

Master of an independent fortune, and naturally fond of solitude, he imagined that a young girl, habituated to the

retirement of a cloister, could feel no repugnance in following him to the country, where he proposed to retire. He seized the opportunity of communicating his sentiments and plan to the young Olivia, who frankly answered that she would prefer any kind of life to that of a religious one. Satisfied with this confession, he repaired the next day to the Palace of Vizzani, and had a secret conference with the father of Olivia, who willingly consented to the marriage the Count desired, provided he required no dowry, and renounced any future claim his daughter might have to his inheritance. The Count readily agreed to these propositions, and, in a few days, became the husband of Olivia, and conducted her to his estate at Torre Vecchia.

The Countess, when she became a widow, found herself in the enjoyment but of a very moderate maintenance: it chiefly consisted of the possession of the Castle of Torre Vecchia and its dependencies; the remainder of the estate of her deceased husband was settled upon Eugenio. She accordingly formed the plan of acquiring, by a second marriage, a situation more suitable to her ambition, and one which should afford her the means of moving in a more brilliant sphere than that in which she had hitherto lived.

The Marquis Spanozzi enjoyed a considerable and even splendid fortune, and Virginia was his only daughter and heiress. The Countess having for some time become sensible of the passion with which she had inspired the Marquis, exerted herself to the utmost of her power, as soon as the death of her husband left her at liberty, to increase his affection, and confirm her ascendancy over him. She affected, in his presence, those manners which indicate the excess of female attachment, and even abandoned herself to endearments, which nothing but the violence of real love can excuse. The Marquis, enchanted with his charming mistress, learned with transport that she was likely to present him with a living pledge of their mutual love. The adroit Countess seized that moment to conclude a marriage, which was necessary to the future rights of the infant, to whom she was on the point of giving existence; but at the same time she took advantage of the uncontrollable passion of the Marquis, to insure to herself, by the marriage contract, a considerable portion of the fortune of her new husband. Her first object was to break off the marriage be-

tween Eugenio and Virginia, to effect which, she combined her plan with all the artifice she was capable. She commenced by the most exaggerated eulogies of the sensibility of Virginia, and expressions of regret at the death of her mother. She was perfectly aware how deeply her enlarging upon these topics afflicted the Marquis, who could not dissemble the consciousness that the injuries he had inflicted on that excellent and virtuous lady, had imbibited the last moments of her life, and perhaps accelerated her death.

"Ah, my dear Sir!" said the new Marchioness, "I fear Virginia will never pardon you for having given her a mother-in-law. In what light will she consider that child I am about to bring into the world?—She will look upon it as a being come to bereave her of part of her fortune. Eugenio is not rich enough to make up the loss she will sustain; and it is hardly to be expected that either of them will possess sufficient virtue to avoid attributing to us those sacrifices which our union will impose upon them."

The Marquis irritated by these remarks, incessantly repeated, wished, like all weak characters, to disembarrass his mind from the unpleasant sensations they produced, by adopting violent measures.

"I will instantly," said he, "signify to Virginia that she must renounce Eugenio, and make choice of another husband. I am master of my fortune, and shall insist upon my daughter's implicitly obeying me."

The Marchioness applauded his eagerness, which she never failed to describe as the transports of a noble and energetic soul; but she always concluded by requesting his permission to have the entire conduct of so delicate an affair. She would have failed of the main part of her object, if Virginia had chosen any other spouse than Eugenio; the plan she had adopted was infinitely more extensive. She exerted her whole influence to induce the Marquis to enter into her views; but being unwilling to hazard too much at first, she contented herself with persuading him of the necessity of sending away her son, and of concerting with him the means of succeeding in that design.

To this effect she wrote to the Cardinal Caprara, to solicit the favour of the Pope; and at the same time requested him to use the utmost of his influence to divert him from

a marriage, which she stated as one in no respect advantageous to either party, and one to which she was determined never to give her consent. She finished by instructing the Cardinal in what manner he was to conduct himself, in order to persuade his nephew insensibly to obedience, without at once requiring a sacrifice against which he would not have failed to have revolted.

It was thus the Marchioness accomplished part of her object, and, in forwarding her design, imposed upon the simplicity of Eugenio and Virginia.—But let us now return to those interesting victims of her falsehood and ambition.

Virginia depressed and sad, her eyes bathed in tears, supported herself on the arm of her lover, who in vain endeavoured to console her, while deep and interrupted sighs nearly stifled his utterance. They returned to the Castle; and as they passed through the court-yard, Virginia shuddered with horror at the sight of the horses, ready saddled for the departure of Eugenio.

The Marquis and Marchioness behaved in the most affectionate manner towards the two lovers, and paid them every possible attention during the whole of dinner time. The fatal hour at length arrived.—Eugenio fell alternately at the knees of his mother and Virginia, and was unable to summon sufficient fortitude to leave the room. He delayed, as long as he was able, the fatal moment that was to separate him from her he loved; or, if the expression may be allowed, to divide his soul into two parts. Virginia, on the other hand, seemed plunged in grief, rejected every idea of consolation, and anticipated in her troubled imagination the miseries she was doomed to suffer. The Governor of Eugenio, who was to accompany him to Rome, entered the room, and hurried his pupil from the trembling arms of Virginia.

“Oh my mother!” exclaimed the distracted youth, “to you I recommend my only treasure;—forget not your promises;—remember, above all, that it is my happiness I entrust to your care!”

While he was thus saying, he repeatedly turned round to catch a last glimpse of Virginia, who, supported on the arm of the Marchioness, and followed by the Marquis, had

now reached the door of the hall. Scarce had Eugenio disappeared to her eyes, than she uttered an involuntary shriek, and rushed with precipitation up stairs, nor stopped till she had arrived at the platform of the tower, in which her apartment was situated;—there she rested against one of the battlements, and traversed with her eyes the immense tract of country which lay beneath her feet. She perceived three men on horseback, whom she soon recognized as Eugenio, his Governor, and a servant. They were proceeding along one of the defiles of the Apennines, which conducted them to Pistoye, where they were to pass the night, and from thence to go post to Rome. She easily discovered the light blue habit of her lover, and his dark brown hair, which flowed down his shoulders, and wantoned in the breeze. The soul of Virginia was concentrated in her eyes, which seemed rivetted to that object, the source at once of her joy and sorrow. She scarce dared to breathe; she pressed one hand to her heart, and with the other applied her handkerchief to her eyes, to dry the flood of tears that escaped her, in spite of her efforts to the contrary.—She blessed the intricate and difficult path through which Eugenio pursued his journey; but who can describe the excess of her emotion when she saw him suddenly stop his horse, and cast a wishful look back to the Castle.

Powerful magic of Love! he had at that moment distinguished Virginia, though at such a distance, and alighting from his horse, extended his right hand towards her. Virginia waved her handkerchief, moist with her tears, and enjoyed the enrapturing idea, that her soul still communicated with that of her dear Eugenio; but soon the last rays of the setting sun were succeeded by the lengthened shadows that obscured the Apennine mountains. The bright star of day had already disappeared, and Virginia could no longer penetrate the light vapours with which the approach of evening overspread the surrounding horizon.

Absorbed in melancholy, and enjoying the profound solitude that reigned around her, she remained a full hour on the spot where she stood, leaning her head against a buttress of the battlement. A cold and bleak wind arose, and whistling along the winding staircase of the tower, agitated the shrubs that had taken root in the interstices of the stones that formed the building; the heavy flight of night birds,

their shrill and ill-omened cries startled her, and produced an emotion of terror, which roused her from the painful state of lethargy in which she was plunged. She turned her eyes towards the spot where she had last beheld Eugenio, heaved a deep sigh, and descended to her apartment. She threw herself on the bed, where the excess of her agitation would not allow her to taste the sweets of repose; at length, exhausted by her grief, a few short and interrupted slumbers suspended for a while the dreadful and foreboding thoughts that oppressed her heart.

Let us now leave for a time the tender and lovely Virginia, abandoned to gloomy and consuming sorrow. Each day she visited the sad scenes but late embellished with the presence of Eugenio—now, alas! to her sight obscured by that melancholy tint which ever pervades the inanimate objects of former delight, and renders them the mute remembrancers of the pleasures they retrace.—Let us now return to Eugenio.

No less afflicted than Virginia, but at the same time impatient to arrive at Rome, in order that he might the sooner return to receive the sweet reward, of which the promise of his mother had assured him, he could scarce support the tediousness of his journey; his mind, wholly abstracted by the image of her he loved, was insensible to every other object; he neither saw nor heard any thing, answered the questions of his Governor by a single Monosyllable, and repeatedly consulted his conductor as to the distance they had to proceed before they arrived at their journey's end. He scarce allowed himself time to sleep on the road, but employed the greater part of the night in writing to Virginia. He painted to her his love, and the regret he experienced at being absent from her. His letters were written in that style of incoherence, and with that disregard of connection, which is ever the characteristic of a violent and unfeigned passion. At length he found himself in the delightful plains with which Rome is surrounded, and gave free vent to the effusions of his joy.

On arriving at that celebrated city, formerly the mistress of the world, he neither remarked the beauty of its streets and squares, the obelisks with which it is decorated, nor the magnificent architecture of its monuments, which had endured for so many ages, and seemed destined to be the ar-

chieves of the immortal geniusses who had constructed them. His thoughts were solely directed towards the palace of his uncle; and every time the carriage was retarded by the obstructions of the crowded streets, he looked out to see if he had arrived.

At last the postchaise stopped before the Palace of Caprara. Eugenio, transported with joy, immediately leaped out, and hastened into the court-yard, without paying the least attention to the number of carriages with which it was filled. He was on the point of entering the interior of the Palace, when his Governor, who had some difficulty in following him, suddenly stopped, and entreated him to consider that it was necessary he should repair the disorder of his dress before he presented himself to the Cardinal, who, according to every appearance, had at that time a number of visitors of the first rank.—Eugenio reluctantly suffered himself to be conducted to the apartment destined for him, and found in the anti-chamber, several servants who awaited his orders.

Notwithstanding the distraction of his mind, he was struck with the magnificence of the gallery through which he was conducted to his bed-chamber: pillars of porphyry supported a cornice, on which were ranged busts and vases of the most curious workmanship; pictures of the greatest masters of the Italian school every where presented themselves to his sight. Eugenio seemed more particularly delighted with one of them, which represented the return of Briseis to Achilles; he thought of his loved and absent Virginia, and tears moistened his eyes: but soon recovering the impatience he felt to see the Cardinal, he hastened to the chamber appointed for him, where two servants attended to assist him in dressing.

Scarcely had they finished the office with which they were charged, than the Cardinal was announced, who having been informed of the arrival of Eugenio, had quitted the brilliant company assembled at his house, in order to have the pleasure of embracing his nephew.

Eugenio bowed respectfully, and raised to his lips the hand the Cardinal presented to him; but scarcely had he surveyed the figure of his uncle, than he was struck with its perfect resemblance to that of his father, and yielding to the

emotion which the likeness produced, he knelt before him, and with difficulty restrained his tears.

The Cardinal raised him up, pressed him in his arms, and spoke to him in the most affectionate manner.

"Come my nephew," he exclaimed, "come, and I will present you to the company I have just left. Every one is impatient to see you;—you will find among them the Count Vizzani, your maternal uncle, and the charming Rosalia, his daughter, who have been these two months past at Rome.

Eugenio followed his uncle in silence. The air of dignity which distinguished the Cardinal's whole figure, added to the splendour with which he was surrounded, inspired him with a certain timidity he found it impossible to overcome; and this first interview, which he had desired with so much ardour, passed away without his having courage sufficient to pronounce the name of Virginia.

As they entered the grand saloon, the ears of the Cardinal were struck with the flattering buz of approbation which spread throughout the assembly. The extreme beauty of Eugenio's figure, the graces of his person, and the nobleness of his deportment, excited general admiration; the ladies in particular could not conceal the impression his appearance produced.—"What expressive eyes!—what a handsome shape!" they whispered one to another.

Eugenio somewhat disconcerted, walked through the admiring assembly, astonished at the magnificence of the scene and dazzled by the brilliancy of the jewels which decorated the ladies, and sparkled on every part of their dress. He stopped in the middle of the room, lost in amazement, when suddenly he found himself in the arms of a man richly apparelled, who held by the hand an extremely agreeable young lady of about the age of Virginia—they were the Count Vizzani and Signora Rosalia, his only daughter. The Count received his nephew in the most flattering manner. Eugenio answered his attentions with becoming politeness; but he felt not that emotion, that tender affection, which the caresses of the Cardinal had produced.

The figure of the Count was noble, and his features regular; but an expression of haughtiness and severity was

painted on his countenance, even when he endeavoured to force a smile.

Rosalia, his daughter, was not beautiful; but the extreme mildness depicted over her features, and an air of sensibility and beneficence imparted to her that inexpressible charm, which is often preferable to beauty. Eugenio felt prepossessed in favour of his amiable cousin, and determined within himself to present her to his Virginia as a friend and companion, whose society could not but be agreeable to her.

The evening at length passed away. Eugenio, fatigued with his journey, and perhaps still more so by that confused murmur which reigns in large assemblies, retired early to his chamber, and deferred till the next day what he so ardently desired to communicate to the Cardinal.

His first thought, when he awoke, was Virginia; his next was regret at having quitted her; his anxiety to return to her, and to live but for her alone, agitated his soul with more violence than ever. The vivacity of his imagination removed every obstacle: he represented his uncle, sensible of his sufferings, employing his whole credit immediately to obtain him that situation which was to insure him the possession of Virginia.

"I will hasten and throw myself at his feet," said he to himself, "I will go and entreat him to render the period of my exile as short as possible. He will attend to my prayer; that goodness, that benevolence imprinted on his figure, are assurances that cannot deceive me. Such was the physiognomy of my father.—Ah! doubtless the resemblance which exists between the two brothers, is not confined to their external appearance."

Eugenio would willingly have waited upon the Cardinal without delay;—he rose and hastily dressed himself; but casting his eyes upon a superb clock that was in his chamber, he perceived that it was not yet seven. He rang his bell, and enquired of the servant who answered it, at what time the Cardinal was to be seen.

"It is already a considerable time," replied the man, "since my Lord has risen; but no one is permitted to disturb him till he has rung his bell.—About ten o'clock he

takes his chocolate. Is it your order that I should see if his Eminence can receive you?"

"I should be extremely sorry," replied Eugenio, "to interrupt my uncle; the occupations in which he is engaged are, no doubt, of the deepest importance, and perhaps I should do better to wait till he has rung."

"Since I am allowed to speak freely," replied the servant, "I may inform you that his Eminence has given us strict orders never to interrupt him at this hour. It is the part of the day he consecrates to reading the memorials addressed to him by the poor and unfortunate, and doing justice to their petitions. No one ever quitted him without being satisfied, and his complaint redressed;—thus the name of the Cardinal Minister is blessed throughout all Rome; his credit, his attention, and even his purse, are the patrimony of the widow, the orphan, and the wretched. During the three years his Eminence has been in the Ministry, the number of poor has singularly diminished in Rome and its vicinity. The activity of his benevolence toward, them never relaxes for a single moment; and his most favourite occupation is that of watching over their interests."

"I thank you for these details," replied Eugenio, with emotion; "I will wait till my uncle breakfast before I present myself to him;—inform me when it is the proper time.—Ah!" said he, when he was alone, "I recognize the virtues of my father—I do not deceive myself—the resemblance between them is perfect."

He wrote a long letter to Virginia, and gave her an account of his voyage, as well as of the various sensations that agitated his soul. The time flowed swiftly away while he was engaged in this pleasing occupation, and nine o'clock struck, when the same servant, to whom he had already spoken, announced that the Cardinal expected him in his library. But before Eugenio is introduced to his uncle, let us more perfectly describe that respectable and worthy character, of whom we have but hitherto traced the outlines.

Younger by a year than the Count, his brother, the young Carlo Caprara was destined to the Church from his earliest youth; the partiality he evinced for study, meditation, and the abstract sciences, soon satisfied his father that he had not forced his inclination by making him embrace a state of life

so much in conformity to his taste. Carlo Caprara, at the age of twelve years, was placed in a seminary, where he soon distinguished himself in a manner that excited the admiration of his superiors. Mild, modest, sensible, he obtained the love of his companions, and the general esteem of all around him.

The Marquis Caprara, proud of his two children, for the young Count announced a disposition no less promising, took delight in making them every year pass the period of their vacation together, at his estate at Torre Vecchia.—It was during these intervals that the most ardent and sincere friendship was formed between the two brothers—a friendship of so tender a nature, that neither time or absence was ever able to diminish it.

The Count though hasty and impetuous, and at times somewhat blunt in his manners, possessed so excellent a heart, such unaffected goodness of soul, and a candour so frank and amiable, that even his defects only seemed to set off to more advantage the eminent qualities with which Nature had endowed him.

Carlo, patient, moderate, and indulgent, supported without complaining the vivacity of his brother, and appeared, astonished when the latter entreated his pardon for having offended him; but of all the virtues Carlo possessed, that which he carried to enthusiasm was the love of whatever he felt a duty, and particularly filial piety and respect.

"The will of the authors of our days," he would often say to the count, "is the interpreter of the Divinity upon earth;—by constantly submitting to it, we never can have any fault with which to reproach ourselves."

The Count applauded this maxim, and both exerted their endeavours to put it into practice. The Marquis enchanted with their obedience, blessed the moment he had the happiness of being a father; but deeply regretted that death had deprived his wife of a participation in his enjoyment.

Carlo entered into orders, and soon distinguished himself by his virtues, his talents and acquirements. He had attained the first dignities in the Church when he lost his father. It was a short time after when the Count married the young Olivia Vizzani. The two brothers continued their correspondence, which was only interrupted six years

previous to this unhappy event :—Carlo Caprara had obtained a Cardinal's hat, and enjoyed the regard and confidence of the Pope.

(To be continued.)

ON THE DUTIES WHICH WE OWE SOCIETY.

And the unamiable Propensity of Misanthropy and Spleen.

AMIDST the catalogue of failings which disgrace our nature, and among the various imperfections to which it is prone, that of a misanthropic enmity towards mankind is certainly the most unamiable. The libertine may have been seduced by the violence of his passions, the licentious attracted by the force of example, and the weak deluded by the influence of advice; but what apology can a misanthropist hold out, for an implacable aversion to the human race?

To be a solitary link in the chain of being, unconnected by the bonds of social kindness, and incapable of participating in another's joy, is to be destitute of feelings which give a charm to life, and dead to the sweetest sensations of the heart.

As we are placed in a world where misery abounds, we ought mutually to render it supportable to each other; and, instead of augmenting misfortune's heavy load, lend our own shoulders to sustain the weight.

The misanthrope, instead of fulfilling the duties of society, or promoting the happiness of his fellow-creatures, sullenly retires to his inhospitable cell, and nurtures passions which corrode his peace. The cheering influence of a neighbour's fortune imparts no warmth to his ungenial heart, and the enlivening ray of participated joy never dispersed the gloom upon his face.

“There is a generous principle in human nature,” says an elegant modern writer, “which imperceptibly dis-

* Hunter's Biography.

painted on his countenance, even when he endeavoured to force a smile.

Rosalia, his daughter, was not beautiful; but the extreme mildness depicted over her features, and an air of sensibility and beneficence imparted to her that inexpressible charm, which is often preferable to beauty. Eugenio was prepossessed in favour of his amiable cousin, and determined within himself to present her to his Virginia as a friend and companion, whose society could not but be agreeable to her.

The evening at length passed away. Eugenio, fatigued with his journey, and perhaps still more so by that confused murmur which reigns in large assemblies, retired early to his chamber, and deferred till the next day what he so ardently desired to communicate to the Cardinal.

His first thought, when he awoke, was Virginia; his next was regret at having quitted her; his anxiety to return to her, and to live but for her alone, agitated his soul with more violence than ever. The vivacity of his imagination removed every obstacle: he represented his uncle, sensible of his sufferings, employing his whole credit immediately to obtain him that situation which was to insure him the possession of Virginia.

"I will hasten and throw myself at his feet;" said he to himself, "I will go and entreat him to render the period of my exile as short as possible. He will attend to my prayers; that goodness, that benevolence imprinted on his figure, are assurances that cannot deceive me. Such was the physiognomy of my father.—Ah! doubtless the resemblance which exists between the two brothers, is not confined to their external appearance."

Eugenio would willingly have waited upon the Cardinal without delay;—he rose and hastily dressed himself; but casting his eyes upon a superb clock that was in his chamber, he perceived that it was not yet seven. He rang his bell, and enquired of the servant who answered it, at what time the Cardinal was to be seen.

"It is already a considerable time," replied the man, "since my Lord has risen; but no one is permitted to disturb him till he has rung his bell.—About ten o'clock he

previous to this unhappy event :—Carlo Caprara had obtained a Cardinal's hat, and enjoyed the regard and confidence of the Pope.

(To be continued.)

ON THE DUTIES WHICH WE OWE SOCIETY.

And the unamiable Propensity of Misanthropy and Spleen.

AMIDST the catalogue of failings which disgrace our nature, and among the various imperfections to which it is prone, that of a misanthropic enmity towards mankind is certainly the most unamiable. The libertine may have been seduced by the violence of his passions, the licentious attracted by the force of example, and the weak deluded by the influence of advice; but what apology can a misanthropist hold out, for an implacable aversion to the human race?

To be a solitary link in the chain of being, unconnected by the bonds of social kindness, and incapable of participating in another's joy, is to be destitute of feelings which give a charm to life, and dead to the sweetest sensations of the heart.

As we are placed in a world where misery abounds, we ought mutually to render it supportable to each other; and, instead of augmenting misfortune's heavy load, lend our own shoulders to sustain the weight.

The misanthrope, instead of fulfilling the duties of society, or promoting the happiness of his fellow-creatures, sullenly retires to his inhospitable cell, and nurtures passions which corrode his peace. The cheering influence of a neighbour's fortune imparts no warmth to his ungenial heart, and the enlivening ray of participated joy never dispersed the gloom upon his face.

"There is a generous principle in human nature,"* says an elegant modern writer, "which imperceptibly dis-

* Hunter's Biography.

poses us to take the injured's part; we feel an honest indignation at seeing weakness oppressed by might, honesty overreached by cunning, and unsuspecting goodness played upon by knavery."

Many of our pleasures, and many of our pains, doubtless, depend more upon the temperature of the mind than upon their own abstract nature. The man of a warm and generous disposition has a refinement in his pleasures, and a gratification in his delights, to which the cold and insensible are total strangers; for there is a satisfaction to be derived from the practice of benevolence, which stoical apathy can never feel.

We are placed in the world as social beings, whose pleasures are augmented by being shared; and, even in the communications of our opinions, and the interchange of ideas, there is a fund of satisfaction, for which the surly misanthropist may sigh in vain. Banished from the society of congenial spirits, our reflections, our sallies of fancy, our discoveries in science, and our emotions of triumph, all afford but an unsatisfactory joy; and we remain cheerless, desolate, and ungratified, without the communion of a kindred heart.

The social affections are universally allowed to excite virtue and stimulate fame; for it is impossible to feel much eagerness in the pursuit of that which is not likely to contribute to any one's enjoyment. Neither can a man entertain a generous complacency in himself, unless he finds there are others who set a value upon him. He will feel little temptation to cultivate those faculties in which no one takes either interest or regard, and, though necessity may compel exertion, disappointment will weaken the texture of his mind.

Our powers, no less than our infirmities, prompt us to confidence and communication; and how anxiously do we search after some congenial spirit to whom we may disclose every feeling of the heart. "We cannot," says Zimmerman, "impart our sorrows to the senseless rock; the passing gale cannot be made the confident of our cares: but we all languish for a sympathetic soul, who, by sharing, lessens the burden of our griefs. Untoward circumstances, it is true, do not suffer all to make the election which affect-

tion prompts or reason may approve; but all who are fortunate enough to find a friend, acknowledge it the choicest boon of life."

"Kindness," says an admired French author, "is the golden chain by which the world is held together, and it may be moved and managed with a finger." The observation is at once elegant and expressive; but the misanthropist defies the gentle band, and, severing the ties of friendship and affection, becomes a stranger to content and joy.

Habitual acts of benevolence and affection soften and refine the human heart, and by degrees prepare it for the participation of those joys which we hope to taste in the mansions of the blessed.

Formed as we are for social happiness, and calculated to enjoy communion unreserved, how astonishing is it to behold a sullen individual at warfare and enmity with all mankind. In what tasteless apathy must the misanthrope pass his days; with what weary langour must he spend his nights; ---repining discontent corrodes his peace, and envy rancours in his callous heart.

A LIVING CHARACTER.

Censorius is now in his fifty-seventh year, blest with fortune and endowed with health; but, from an envious and contracted heart, appears at warfare with the human race. Out of humour with himself, and disgusted with the world, he has long retired from a public scene, and, in exposing the faults of his neighbours and relations, seems to enjoy a cynical delight. His heart is a stranger to sympathy and affection, and he is incapable of tasting either pleasure or repose; yet he has a secret satisfaction in casting a shade upon perfection, and exhibiting failings in a meridian glare.

His family, instead of seeking his society, and offering those civilities his relationship might claim, avoid his presence with as studious care as they would a city infected by the plague. Though the heart of Censorius is incapable of affection, he feels the want of those attentions which other men enjoy; yet, instead of correcting that severity which repels their kindness, each day adds something to the former share.

Notwithstanding the many complaints against the calamities of life, it is certain that more constant uneasiness arises from ill-temper than ill-fortune; and the man who embitters his days by the indulgence of spleen, can have no right to murmur at the decree of Heaven. Censorius is continually complaining of his connexions, and lamenting the want of that affection he knows not how to gain; but let him learn to cherish tenderness towards mankind, before he repines at a deficiency of it towards himself.

ON THE PASSION OF GRIEF,

And the different Feelings excited by the perusal of monumental
Inscriptions.

em

OF all the passions which impress our nature, and destroy the nervous texture of the mind, none have the power of affecting it with such violence as that which is produced by an indulgence of grief. When death, that foe to human happiness, has entombed in his dark and dreary mansion a form from whose endearing tenderness we once derived the most refined felicity, how blasted is every earthly happiness, how withered every hope of promised joy!—the world itself appears a dreary void, and all creation seems to mourn our loss. Scenes which we once had viewed with fond delight suddenly become overspread with gloom, and cease to charm the desolated mind. The gentle tie that bound the soft affections, is, by the potent power of death dissolved; and all that gave a zest to fleeting life crumbles to dust before his ebony throne. In vain we seek for some consoling balm to heal the tortured, lacerated breast; but all that soothes or offers it relief springs from describing virtues just entombed.

How natural is it that filial piety, parental tenderness, and conjugal affection, should mark with some fond memorial of their love the clay-cold spot where the form still fostered in their bleeding bosoms, mixes its ashes with the mouldering dust. Such tender proofs of feeling and affec-

tion convey a pleasing solace to the mind ; and, whilst the heart offers this tributary claim to merit, it finds a melancholy balm for grief.

Amidst the various instances of these affecting marks of anguish and regret, none appear to me more beautifully expressive of the mourner's loss, or more elegantly descriptive of the conjugal virtues which adorned the object of his tenderness, than some elegiac lines written by Lord Palmerstone, which I doubt not will delight every reader of taste.

Elegiac Lines on the death of a beloved Wife.

BY LORD PALMERSTONE.

Whoe'er, like me, with trembling anguish brings
His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol's springs,
Whoe'er, like me, to soothe disease and pain,
Shall pour these salutary springs in vain ;
Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye,
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,
And watch, in dumb despair the short'ning breath ;
If chance should bring him to this artless line,
Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine.
Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,
Whose virtue warm'd me, and whose beauty blest ;
Fram'd every tie that binds the soul to prove
Her duty friendship, and her friendship love ;
But, yet, rememb'ring that the parting sigh
Appoints the just to slumber, not to die ;
The starting tear I check'd --- I kiss'd the rod,
And not to earth resign'd her --- but to God.



THE CHASTE NUN.

AN AESTERN TALE.

IN the primitive ages of Islamism, when every soul was inspired with religious ardour, Mirwan, the Arabian general, led his victorious arms through the fertile plains of Misser, and at last laid seige to Eskandria; the people and garrison of which were so awed and panic-struck by the unexampled bravery and enthusiasm of the Arabian soldiers, that after a feeble resistance, they consented to deliver up the city to the conqueror, on the humble terms of life and slavery:—upon which all the avenues were filled with armed men; the Monks were forced from their cloisters, as well to make room for their new masters, as to save themselves from their fury—Mirwan, having thus deprived the citizens of all hopes of liberty, caused the prisoners to be brought before him; among whom was a young lady, whose beauty particularly attracted his attention; upon enquiry, he was informed that her name was Zainer, and that she had taken the veil a short time before his arrival. Notwithstanding this he ordered her to his tent, where he offered her his hand, and at the same time promised to dismiss all his other women. Though her heart shuddered at the proposal, yet, perceiving the impossibility of escaping, she replied—

“ My Lord, I am surprised to hear you talk of marriage when all things are in this state of confusion, and while there are so many conspiracies against your life! But to convince your Highness that your addresses are not received with indifference, I must inform you that I have an unguent, which will render you or any other person who uses it, invulnerable.”

Mirwan replied—“ I know the perfidy of the Associates; and, as thou art one of them, how can I ascertain the truth of this assertion?”

She exclaimed—“ Make the first experiment upon me.” Then producing a box, and rubbing some round her neck, she bade him strike. He obeyed, and instantly severed her

head from her body. The General was deeply affected with the pious heroism of the deed; and, fatally convinced how little she valued her life when placed in competition with her honour, ever after treated Christians with more humanity, and secretly became a convert to that faith which interest prevented him from openly confessing.

PRAYER FOR A HUSBAND.

FROM a profane libertine, from one affectedly pious, from a profuse almoner, from an uncharitable wretch, from a wavering religioso and injudicious zealot—deliver me!

From one of starched gravity, or ridiculous levity, from an ambitious statesman, from a restless projector, from one that loves any thing besides me but what is very just and honourable,—deliver me!

From an extasied poet, a modern wit, a base coward, a rash fool—deliver me!

From a Venus-darling, from a Bacchus-proselyte, from a travelling half-bred, from all other masculine affectations, not yet recounted,—deliver me!—But, give me one whose love has more of judgment than passion, who is master of himself, or at least an indefatigable scholar in such a study, who has an equal flame, a paralleled inclination, a temper and soul so like mine, that, as two tallies, we may appear more perfect by union.—Give me one of as genteel an education as little expence of time will permit, with an indifferent fortune, independent of the servile levees of the great, and yet one whose retirement is not so much from the public as in to himself; One, if possible, above flattery and affronts, and yet as careful in preventing an injury as capable to repair it; One, the beauty of whose mind exceeds that of his face, yet not that deformed so as to be distinguishable from others by its ugliness.—Give me one that has learned to live, much in a little time; One that is no great familiar in converse with the world, nor no little one with himself; One (if two such happinesses may be granted at one time to our sex) who with these endowments may have an easy

honest disposition :—Who by his *practice*, as well as principles, has made himself so, let him be truly virtuous and pious, and me be truly happy in my choice.

INAMORATO.

*Extract from a Sketch of the Life and Writings
of Kotzebue.*

DURING the year 1790, he lost a beloved wife, by which catastrophe he was almost distracted. To alleviate his distress he instantly quitted the place where she died, and fled to Paris. Of this melancholy circumstance, and of his journey, he has published an affecting narrative, entitled my flight to Paris. This piece is translated by Miss Plumptre, and added to his life. It is a beautiful composition, and cannot be read without exciting the tenderest emotions of sympathy. The preface to this work is of so original a cast, and reflects so much honour on the feelings of its celebrated author, that we cannot refrain from introducing it to our readers. It will serve to illustrate the character of the renowned KOTZEBUE, more than any thing which we ourselves can put to paper on the subject.

“ Dearest Reader,

“ I do not pretend to consider this little work as like^d to be useful, perhaps it may not be even entertaining. I write it to sooth the anguish of my soul—I write it in the most wretched moments of my life. The loss of a wife whom I loved inexpressibly, drove me forth into the wide world. I fled the place where my repose was buried for ever—whence angels had claimed a sister's presence among themselves. Ah! the place I could fly, but the image of my Frederica followed me every where, and only in death, when I shall press the original again to my bosom, will it forsake me.

“ 'Tis become a matter of indispensable necessity to my heart to be always talking or writing of her. The hope

of allaying my anguish has placed the pen in my hand— but the form of my beloved wife hovers over the paper; I know not what I shall write, yet I see plainly it will be only of her.

“ Ye, who have hearts capable of sympathy!—Ye, who have sometimes dropped a tear at the representation of my drama! if ever I acquired merit in your eyes, reward it by weeping with me for my beloved Frederica!—Or at least spare your censures if you take this book into your hands, and perhaps do not find in it what you seek. Indulge me with writing of her!—spurn me not if even the remotest object still brings me insensibly to her!—Heaven preserve ye all from experiencing a like affliction! yet if ever a similar fate should be yours, ye shall not entreat my compassion in vain.

“ Every husband who at this moment still possesses his beloved wife, who can still clasp her affectionately to his bosom, when he reads this and thanks God for the blessing yet spared him, I ask not tears of him—yet even he may surely pity me!—But ye, whom a similarity of fate draws nearer to me! ye, who have lost a husband or a wife, who are not yet forgotten, let us weep together! we are brethren! To such I make no excuse for writing a book solely for myself and a few friends, a book to relieve a wounded heart.

“ I will at some time erect the fairest monument I can to my Frederica, but not here!—At present I am unequal to the task. When my mind is somewhat more composed, I will write the history of our love and of our marriage. What a moment will it be for such a heart as her's when I draw aside the veil that modesty threw over all her virtues—Oh, she was so truly, so inexpressibly good, not from cold reasoning and principle, but from the overflowings of a warm and affectionate heart! Her feelings were always noble, for there was not a place in her bosom that could harbour an ignoble thought. Her heart and hand were ever open to the relief of distress, she gave freely, and always as one human being should give to another, as though it had been to a brother or a sister.

“ It was only last spring that on the first of April I indulged myself in a joke, which ended in still farther proving her benevolence. I wrote her an ill-spelt, illiterate letter,

as from a poor widow living in a remote part of the town, with two half-naked children, and no bed to lie on, and who having heard of her goodness, implored her assistance. The day was cold and windy, yet my Frederica ordered the carriage to be got ready immediately, and looking out some clothes and linen, set off for the place. I had run thither before;—I saw the carriage coming, but as it drew up to a house in the suburbs, I began to be afraid my trick was discovered. Oh no! she only stopped to buy some rolls for the hungry children, and with these, her bundle of linen, and two roubles in her hand, she proceeded to the house pointed out, where I met her. She was less angry at my boyish levity, than concerned that she was disappointed at doing a good action. Yet in the eyes of God it was performed!—Oh never will the first of April return without bringing tears into my eyes!—And this was only one instance out of ten thousand!—Such a wife I have possessed! such a wife I have lost!

“ You, my cherished friends and acquaintance! You, to whom I have been able to write nothing but *my wife is dead!* You will receive this book with candour and kindness, since it will tell you what, and where I have been, ever since fate, while it spared my life, robbed me of all that made life valuable!—Alas! I once thought that I had lost my greatest treasure when I lost my health!—Oh how was I mistaken! Even in the horrible winter of 1788, when I laboured under such severe bodily suffering, still with my Frederica by my side I tasted the soothing consolation of domestic joy, not to be purchased by wealth or honours. For my sake she renounced all company, all diversions, and considered it as no sacrifice to confine herself entirely to my sick chamber. If then I was but for a few minutes free from anguish, how serene was my soul! how deeply did I feel that all other happiness is poor and weak when compared with wedded happiness! One kiss from my wife, one pressure of her hand, made even my most nauseous medicines sweet.

“ Thus was she my sole support, when I was lost to every thing else, and now I could again have enjoyed life with her as formerly, now she is no more!—But she was perhaps only a protecting angel sent to save me—her errand is accomplished, and she is returned to her blest abode—yet she still hovers invisibly over me!—we shall one day, be

re-united!—Oh sweet self flattery, forsake me not! in this hope alone can I find a balsam for my wounds.

“ I know not by what name to call these effusions of my heart. This should be a preface—but what resemblance does it bear to a preface? No matter! it speaks of Frederica and my bosom is relieved!

“ It was my design to state to thee, compassionate reader, what thou wert to expect in this book. 'Tis a tour to Paris, yet has it no resemblance to the common mass of tours, since I saw nothing but my lost wife!—she followed me every where!—she then must be almost my sole theme!

“ Yes, I was for awhile an inhabitant of Paris, but of Paris I knew very little. The principal occurrences during my stay there, I have noted down in the form of a journal. This employment has soothed my wounded mind, it has enabled me to shed tears when my soul wanted such relief. When I thought that beneficent source exhausted, I sat down to write, and it flowed again. My object is attained! my despair has subsided into a calm and gentle sorrow!

“ AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

Paris,

Jan. 1, 1791.

ON THE DESIRE OF PRAISE.

WHERE is the man whose heart does not glow at the language of commendation? It is a stimulus of whose power it may safely be asserted none are unconscious. The love of praise in the morning of our days is peculiarly strong. Before we are grown callous by our commerce with the world, “ e'er we are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men, and our nice sense of honour blunted, how tremblingly alive are all our mental feelings to the keen sting of rebuke, and at the same time how ready are all our generous sensibilities to vibrate to the voice of praise? It is the soul of enterprize, the nerve of exertion, the spur to a thousand great and arduous actions. Enlisted in the cause of folly and vice, it has produced consequences of the utmost importance, and shall it cease to be energetic only when engaged in the better service of virtue?

To point out a few of the good effects which this principle may have in promoting the grand cause of virtue, and to caution against its excess, shall be the subjects of this short essay. The love of praise will prove an effectual bar to sloth and inactivity. Idleness is not only inconsistent *with*, but totally destructive of excellence of character. Eminence in fame is not to be attained, but by eminence of exertion. The wreath of glory will never encircle that brow which has not laboured in its pursuit. The palm of victory will never adorn that hand which has not toiled to possess it. And is toil, are labour and fatigue likely to be endured by that man who has no stimulus to urge him on? Is he who blinded by arrogance and self-conceit, thinks he has already attained, likely to appear triumphant at the goal of honour? Which character, I would ask, in the eye of reason bids the fairest for success; he, who with that distinguishing quality of stoicism, its apathy, is deaf to the language of commendation; or the man whose heart (alive to every finer sensibility) beats high at the reception of praise, and triumphs in the plaudits, which at once confirm and reward his exertions?

The love of praise does not merely stimulate us to do what we have reason to think will procure it, but where it has gained possession of the heart, urges us, with an almost irresistible impulse, to do it in the best manner. Mediocrity will not satisfy the bosom which glows with this generous principle. A thirst for glory aspires by ardour of pursuit, and excellence of exertion, to secure the loudest applause.

In all ages, when acting in a proper subordination to the principle of virtue, the desire of praise has produced the most illustrious effects. To this principle most of the splendid, and many of the useful enterprizes of men owe their existence. It has animated the vigour of the hero in his pursuit after glory, and swelled the bosom of the patriot with double ardour in the cause of freedom, and his country. This principle has clothed the harangues of the orator with the graces of eloquence. This has warmed with an animation, sometimes almost more than human, the genius of the poet. Thus stimulated, the historian has performed his tedious task, has marked the lapse of time, and traced the revolutions of empires; and is it too much to say, that

by this principle the philosopher has, not unfrequently, been supported in his toilsome examination of the phenomena of nature. Of the truth of this assertion the long catalogue of illustrious names which the history of past ages has handed down to us, is an ample proof.

It follows, that if this principle has had a considerable share in originally forming those characters which have illuminated and adorned the world; if it has excited to enterprise, and stimulated to the attainment of excellence, it certainly cannot be a matter of little consequence, whether it receive a *wrong* or a *right* direction. The attainment of praise is an object of general desire. If true praise is not sought for in the path of virtue, its counterfeit will be followed in the ways of vice. Motives for its pursuit can never be wanting, while an individual exists to repay exertions with applause.

Our great care then should be, to give this principle an early bias in favour of virtue. If in the spring of life, when the mind is flexible and pliant, the seeds of virtue be then plentifully and deeply sown, they will not in succeeding years be easily eradicated. To attempt the destruction of this principle, is to deprive virtue of one of her best guards; it is to break down the walls of the mind, and expose it, open, and defenceless, to the inroads of a thousand dishonourable passions. The man on whose cheek shame never imprinted a blush, or whose heart never beat at the sound of praise, is not at all likely to distinguish himself by the noble tendency of his pursuits, or the ardour and perseverance of his exertions. In vain are exhortation, advice, or rebuke addressed to that bosom which is neither afraid of disgrace, nor animated with the desire of applause.

The limits beyond which the desire of praise becomes instead of a virtuous a dangerous passion, should be pointed out with clearness and precision. The praise of our fellow creatures may be justly sought so far as is consistent with an adherence to more substantial principles. Whenever the applause of men, and the approbation of heaven come in competition, we cannot hesitate a moment as to which should give way. In such a case the reproach of the whole world, could it possibly be pointed against us, would be the truest praise. It were easy to produce a

number of arguments to prove the justice of this assertion. The praise of men as it is by no means the constant reward of great abilities, and worthy actions, is not an object of such sterling value as to authorize its becoming the leading principle of our conduct. Too frequently, the most undeserving of the human race, by dexterously shaping themselves to the fashion of the "varying hour," have become the idols of popular favour, while characters of real integrity and worth, if they have not incurred by their virtue persecution and reproach, have at least suffered the pain of having their actions ascribed to unworthy motives, and have seen themselves forgotten and neglected by those very men, who owed their exultation to their friendship, and who were reaping the fruits of their labours. A love of indiscriminate praise is apt to hurry those who are actuated by it, not only to the very extent, but beyond the limits which virtue prescribes to her followers. It is a passion of so powerful a nature, that unless it be carefully watched it will absorb every other.

The ADVANTAGE of SMATERNAL NURTURE.

THE first steps of man, in his career through life, are marked with imbecility and dulness of perception. It is to the mother, who has ministered to the first developement of his organs, that the task properly belongs of attending upon his successive growth, of presiding over his physical education, of supporting it, and strengthening its first operations. The tedious and difficult culture of his moral faculties is also the inheritance of the mother. It is to her he is indebted for the fugacious sparks that shine forth in its early morn. In a word, it is for the mothers that is reserved the imprescriptible right, the honourable function, of satisfying our first physical wants, and lighting our tottering steps with the first lamp of education.

Helpless infancy must certainly perish in the midst of difficulties, constantly springing up in the way of its precarious existence, if the mother, opposing her bosom to its wants and anxieties, did not take care to smooth for its delicacy the arduous route that leads to complete maturity, and which

prepares lasting health for old age. Our physical happiness is therefore the work of our tender mothers ; but our moral felicity more particularly belongs to them, as they know how to conduct us to that blissful state through the path of pleasure.

Were all women, obedient only to the voice of Nature, never to withdraw themselves from the influence of her benign laws, it would be useless, at this time of day, to demonstrate the advantages that flow from maternal nurture ; it would be even ridiculous to remind them of the evils that afflict this interesting part of society, when they are to dispense with a duty so useful to themselves, so necessary to social happiness. But, since the tyrant laws of Custom still hold some sway, we must combat with prejudice, encourage those who submit to it, and propose true mothers as models for their imitation.

Blossoming Health is the most precious attribute of Beauty, and is justly reckoned among the number of advantages resulting from maternal nurture. The delightful brightness which sheds its lustre over this delicate, and, at the same time, this most feeling and amiable part of the creation, is never more manifest than during the time of nurture. At this æra, the woman undergoes a kind of happy metamorphosis, which almost renders her difficult to be known. Her skin becomes fine, soft, and fair ; her features are refined into an uncommon degree of sweetness, under the influence of this new regimen. The too-ardent carnation of her cheeks, tempered by the milky revolution, assumes a milder tint. Her manner, more tender, more expressive, announces new enjoyments, and sentiment, reflected from maternal happiness.—The movements of her person, less alert, less accelerated, are more flexible, more graceful and free. Her voice is more tender, tuneful, and harmonious. The fulness of figure, which shuns the petulancy of youth, unfolds the tissue of the skin, and gives it that freshness and colour which all the ephemeral agents of the costly toilet never could bestow. The young wife, whom languor held captive before her marriage, feels animation increasing with increase of person, and, becoming a nurse, acquires the bloom of the rose, instead of the paleness of the lily, that faded on the virgin cheek.—In fine, every thing considered, we may assure ourselves that nothing but an uniform and steady perseverance in the path of rectitude and truth, can ensure us lasting and valuable praise.

Song.

FLATTRING LOVERS OFTEN SWEAR.

*Flattering lovers often swear,
Wedlock is as sweet as honey,
But experienc'd folks declare,
'Tis quite sour without the money;
Having none I told dear Harry,
I was much afraid to marry.
Having none I told dear Harry,
I was much afraid to marry.*

*But he cried my Heart, my Love,
Rich in charms let that content ye,
I'll a constant Husband prove,
I've a House, and wealth in Plenty,
Speedy bless thy faithful Harry,
He is not afraid to Marry.*

*Say ye maids what could I do
Here was surely no deception,
Could I but believe him true,
Cou'd I find the least exception,
I no longer fear'd to Marry,
And soon did Wed my faithful Harry.*

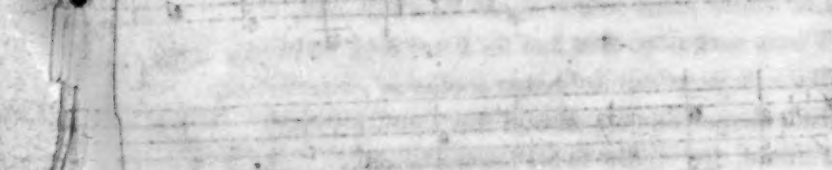
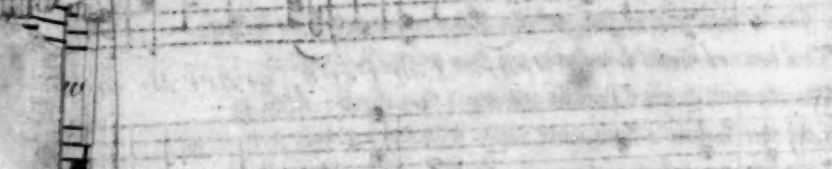
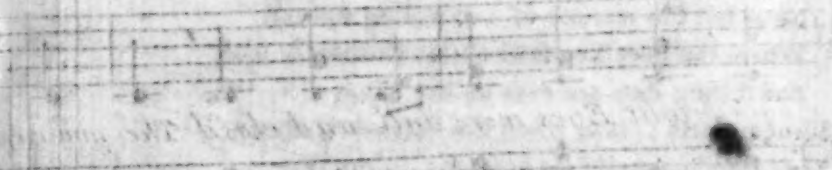
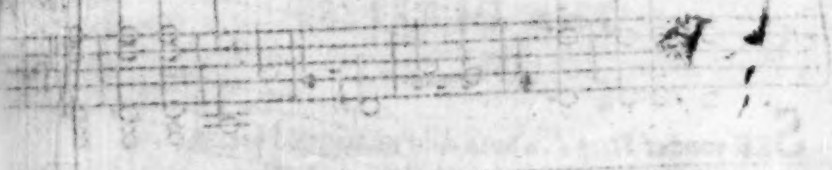


Louisa

P *dim.* *P*

Largo Affettuoso

The passing Bell no longer toll'd Louisa's form in
once bright Eyes were dull and clos'd The mirafull Crowd rush on to see The rude carv'd line
Be dew with tears Lou i sas grave Be-dw
ble bed where should have bloom'd the
fate thy pi-ty move observe the weeping bran



POETRY.

For the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

THE DUELLIST.

SEE yonder *Steep* ! whose cold unmantled breast,
 Ne'er felt the warmth of renovating Spring,
 Where the grey Sea fowl builds her lonely nest,
 And flitting Bats are ever on the wing.
 Silent as death ; save when the Screech Owls try
 Their trem'lous yell ; or hovering in the sky,
 The gathering blackness of the midway storm
 In awful gloom enshrouds its topmast form,
 While the swift light'ning dart along its side,
 And uproar mingles on the foaming tide.

Dark was the night, when Edwin sought its brow,
 The waves dash'd sullen on the rocks below---
 Clouds roll'd on Clouds athwart the dusky sky,
 And the Loon's frequent note foretold a tempest nigh.
 Lost where these omens to sad Edwin's soul,
 Where woe more dire had fix'd her dark controul,
 While *hope* whose influence soothes so sweet to rest,
 Bade deeper horrors shroud the youth unblest,
 A friend, the victim to his lawless wrath,
 In form unreal stalks across his path---
 Lost to the *world*---he bids the storm draw nigh,
 And tempts the vengeance of an angry sky !
 Invokes the Gods, to crush his wearied frame,
 And yield him victim, to the glancing flame.
 Loud howls the blast---the night bird screams aloud,
 And peals incessant burst from every cloud---

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R R


He prays in vain---No thunder speaks his doom,
Nor fateful shaft consign him to the tomb.
Impatient grown, he seeks the friendly deep,
And headlong plunges from the dizzy steep—
The waves receive him—stop his murmur'ing breath,
And grant him, (what his ardent prayer was,) *death*.

Unhappy victim to imprudent rage
In murder's cause, allured by honour's name!
Must still the follies of a vicious age
Snatch from the youthful brow the wealth of fame?
When *nature* shrinks, unsheath the vengeful knife,
And in one blow, take friend or brother's life?
Shall blood unceasing stream at *honour's* shrine,
And prostitution make her cause *divine*?
Forbid it Heav'n! cut short the *Despot's* reign,
To *virtues* standard lead us back again.


JUVENIS.

New Rochelle,
Nov. 23, 1801.


For the LADY'S MAGAZINE.


On the Approach of Spring.

By a young gentleman of 11 years of age.


WHEN Spring appears her verdant beds,
The bleakest hills and field o'erspreads,
And makes the radiant skies to yield
Refreshing showers to cheer the field.

Then let the traveller rejoice
To hear the bird's melodious voice,
The concert notes of *Spring's* soft time,
And to adore the pure sublime.

Then all ye gliding Orbs rejoice,
 Ye ambient skies afford a voice,
 And man, more grateful still resound
 His praise whose mercy knows no bound:

A. L. B.

—•••••—
PITY'S TEAR.
 —•••••—

WHAT falls so sweet on summer flow'rs?
 As soft, refreshing, tepid show'rs?
 What bids the bud its sweets exhale,
 Like ev'nings mildly whisp'ring gale?
 Yet sweeter, more delicious, far,
 And brighter than the brightest star
 Decking the intellectual sphere—
 Is Pity's meek and balmy tear!

What bids Despair her arrows hide?
 What checks Affliction's tort'ring tide?
 What heals the wound of mental pain,
 And soothes the fev'rish, throbbing brain?
 What calms the rage of jealous pride,
 And bids the rending pang subside?
 Lulling to rest distrust and fear—
 Soft Pity's kind and holy tear.

Yet not that Pity form'd to give
 A pang, which bids affliction live;
 Not Pity that can, taunting, shew
 Superior pride untouch'd by woe;
 Not Pity that, with haughty smile,
 Consoles, and murders all the while;
 But Pity, which is form'd to prove
 The bond of Faith—the test of Love.

SAPPHO.

COMPARISONS.



TWO friends, by Hymen lately blest,
The garden's blooming sweets confest;
And, careless, thus, in tête-à-tête,
Each found a semblance of his mate.

" See where yon lovely flower blows,
" The garden's Queen—a blushing Rose !
" How fair its form !—it's teint how fine !
" Such Sylvia is—and Sylvia's mine !
" I own her beauty shap'd the dart
" That quivers in my aching heart !
" All powerful beauty's chain I bear :—
" What chain, Anthonio, dost thou wear ?"

" When did his friend, Lothario, know
" Anthonio's heart the dupe of show ?
" His fetters Lesbia's virtues bind,
" Her gentle manners, equal mind—
" Her sense, her feeling, claim his praise,
" And promise cheerful length of days :
" A Myrtle his—unlike your flow'r ;
" Admired less, but valu'd more ;
" For when rough Winter's frown appear
" Low'ring on the defenceless year,
" The Rose a leafless stalk is seen,
" The Myrtle lives an Evergreen !



AN EPITAPH.

T: I: W.

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T. I.

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Ad.

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SONNET.

BY W. S. HONE.

W

DEAR to my soul is chill November's breeze—
The wind which sighs along the lonely walls,
The tempest's blast which bares the sapless trees,
And the low rustling of each leaf that falls.

Then, when pale evening throws her mantle o'er
The clear bright prospects of declining day,
I frequent roam till past the midnight hour,
And to his secret influence homage pay.

Oft when the moon rides in the cloudless sky,
I climb the rocky mountain's shelvy side,
And watch the fish-boat's flitting sails pass by,
While roaring rolls beneath the foaming tide.

These scenes assuage the pain of inward grief,
Draw forth a silent tear, and give my heart relief.

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S s

THE BELLE AND THE SHELL.

Quere. PRAY, young ladies, can you tell
What is like a flaunting *belle*,
That nothing knows, but dresses well,
That nothing feels, but makes a swell?

Answer. A hollow, empty, gaudy shell.

Objection. Now, such a simile as this,
Is very much, methinks, amiss :
For by your leave, the shell's ill treated,
And we of a conundrum cheated.
First, if the matter we discuss,
What means a swell?

Answer. I meant a fuss ;
And mark, the word, as all, may see,
With a shell's shape doth well agree.

Objection. Well, Sir! I next proceed to show
You estimate the shell too low ;
Its beauteous colours you decry
As *gaudy*, though I know not why ;
Then, I assert it in your face,
(What shows how you mistake the case ;
And leaves you quite without excuse ;)
The *shell*, we know was once of use ;
And then did certainly contain,
Physics apart, a heart and brain ;
Nay, hear me out, say what you will,
Is able, Sir, to do so still.

Answer. E'en to yourself, I think, you must
Have prov'd my simile is just.

- I. Fine colours, 'twill not be denied,
We *gaudy* call, when misapplied ;
And what is beauty in one place,
In t'other is a mere disgrace.
- II. Then you too harshly judge the *belle* :
Sure there are none, but, like the shell,
Were once of use, and *did* contain
A feeling heart and fertile brain ;
And, what is better, if they will,
(To use your words,) may do so still.

Foreign News.

Milan, September 14—Our Committee of Government has received from Paris very satisfactory and encouraging communications relative to the plan of a new constitution on which we are employed. This plan, it is believed, will now soon be published, and almost immediately carried into effect.

General Rochambeau, who has hitherto commanded in Liguria, has been called to Paris, as it is supposed, to take on him the command of the troops destined for the expedition against England. His successor in Liguria, is Gen. Soult, who was with the troops which Admiral Gantheume had on board his squadron.

It is said that 18,000 men will be raised in the Cisalpine territory for the augmentation of the army.

The report is renewed, that Piedmont will be divided among the three Republics, the French, the Cisalpine and the Ligurian.

Hague, Sept. 26.—The party in opposition to the present three Directors, which is so firmly devoted to the constitution of 1798, and will hear of no other, remains, notwithstanding, very quiet, well knowing that our present Government is powerfully supported by the French. The new revolution has hitherto been accompanied by no commotion, nor occasion the shedding of a single drop of blood.

The opposition to the new constitution, which had been formed in the department of the Texel in North Holland, has likewise ceased. The Directory sent a commissary to Alkmar, who the day after his arrival published the proclamation and the plan of the new constitution; so that in the department of the Texel the people will give their votes on the subject of the new constitution, as the other departments.

The Prince of Orange is deprived of the Stadtholdership, and receives the Bishoprics of Wurtzburgh and Bamberg, by way of indemnity.

The parties in Great-Britain are disputing about the terms of peace. The ministerial papers praise the peace as advantageous; the opposition prints declare that France has the best bargain—But all agree, that under the existing circumstances, it was proper to obtain peace, on the terms agreed on.

Parliament was ordered to convene on the 29th October.

Democracy is so rampant in Holland, that recourse has been had to the soldiery to preserve tranquility.

London, October 10.—Yesterday evening Paris papers reached us to the 7th inst. but at too late an hour for us to communicate, in any satisfactory way, the preliminaries of Peace, and the ratification of them by the French government, as announced in the *Moniteur* of the 6th inst.

This morning we received, by express, Journals of the 7th; and we have the pleasure of stating, that in the flag of truce by which they were brought over, citizen Lauriston, aid-de-camp to Buonaparte, came passenger, with the ratification of the preliminaries. He landed at Dover at nine o'clock last night, and soon after proceeded to town, where he arrived this morning. The ratification was communicated to Lord Hawkesbury, and was announced in the following

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINAY,

Downing-street, October 10.

The RATIFICATION of the PRELIMINARY ARTICLES of PEACE, between his Majesty, and the French Republic, signed on the 1st inst. were this day exchanged by the right honourable Lord Hawkesbury, one of his majesty's principal secretaries of State, and by M. Otto.

The park and tower guns were fired upon this happy occasion, and the general exultation was unbounded.

October 11.—About three o'clock, the following letter from Lord Hawkesbury was posted up at the mansion-house, Lloyd's, and Stock Exchange.

To the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor.

Downing-street, October 10, 1801.

"My Lord—I have the satisfaction to inform your lordship, that general Lauriston arrived in town this morning, with the Ratification of the Preliminaries of Peace, signed

on the 1st. inst. The Ratification of the two governments has, this afternoon been exchanged between M. Otto and myself.

(Signed)

HAWKESBURY."

We understand that the Marquis Cornwallis will proceed, in a few days, to Amiens, to meet the French plenipotentiary, and proceed with all possible dispatch to the final arrangement of peace. The first consul's brother, Joseph Buonaparte, who signed the treaty of Luneville, will probably be appointed plenipotentiary on the part of the French republic. It is believed, in the ministerial circles, that the definitive treaty will occupy but a few weeks.—The greatest difficulties will certainly arise from the variety of considerations to which the discussion of a fair and satisfactory treaty of commerce must give birth.

The rejoicings and illuminations will be universal throughout the metropolis this evening.

The French funds, which had fallen on the 5th, to 52½, rose the following day upwards of two per cent. The *Tiers Consolides* left off on the 6th at 54f. 50c.

When citizen Lauriston, Buonaparte's aid-de-camp, arrived this morning in St. James's-street, the horses of his carriage were taken out, and he was drawn to his hotel by the populace, with loud acclamations.

The Courier French frigate has been captured in the Mediterranean by La Pomone, captain Gower.

American Intelligence.

Mr. Christopher Hoxie, of Hudson, inventor of the patent *Threshing Machine*, among many other useful improvements, has made a very important discovery on heat; and has invented a kind of air-pump or engine, by which he can warm a number of rooms by one fire, by filling them with pure rarefied air. He contemplates obtaining a patent for this discovery, after which it is expected he will lay a more ample description before the public.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

Baltimore, Nov. 20.—The Baltimore Bellona powder-mill, on Jones's Falls, about 7 miles from town, belonging to a company of gentlemen, of this city, blew up the night before last, by which accident three men who were working in the mill were shockingly crippled, the life of one of whom is despaired of.

The catastrophe happened about nine o'clock at night; and, as near as we can learn, was caused by one of the workmen taking the burning snuff of a lamp-wick in his fingers and finding it rather hot, threw it hastily and inadvertently into a heap of about 300 weight of powder, then undergoing its operation in the mill. The explosion was instantaneous: The house, 30 by 40 feet was mounted in the air. Of the roof, not a vestige can be found; and the walls, which were made of massy stone, were levelled to the ground. The man who was least injured, says, the first place he found himself in, after the return of his senses, was the mill-race, without knowing, for a while what could have placed him there.

The Niagara Herald, mentions that several persons have been arrested in Montreal, on a suspicion of a conspiracy to burn and pillage the city. For the protection of the city, an additional guard has been ordered on duty, and a part of the militia are to patrol the streets.

The free Masons of the State of Maryland have petitioned the legislature for an act of Incorporation. The petition is committed. A bill is before the same legislature for incorporating the *female humane society* of Baltimore. Strange things occur in our hemisphere; females are incorporated for humane purposes in one state, and admitted to the rights of suffrage in another. We hope they will abuse their privileges less than the men.

Domestic Occurrences.

November 24th.—In consequence of a quarrel between Mr. Eacker, and young Mr. Price and Philip Hamilton

originating as we are informed, from a few words at the Theatre, a duel was fought on Sunday last, between the two former, and three shots exchanged, without injury.

✓ On Monday a duel was fought between Mr. Eacker and Mr. Hamilton, a young gentleman of about eighteen years of age, when the latter received the ball of his antagonist in his belly. He languished till the next morning, and we are sorry to say, he expired.

Is there no law, no power to arrest the progress of this detestable practice!—a practice that puts *life*, and the happiness of the nearest and dearest connections in competition, with a trivial point of honour, arising perhaps from a momentary irritation!

A petition has been presented to the Legislature of New-Jersey, praying that a Ferry may be established from Hor-
simus, across the North-River to New-York.

A committee has been appointed by a meeting of the citizens of Albany, to prepare and digest a plan for constructing a Turnpike Road, between that city and Schenectady.

Some *improvements* are projected in the carriage of the mails in the United States. It is contemplated that the mail shall pass from New-York to Boston in forty-eight hours—and shall not be interrupted by the laws for preventing travelling on Sunday!

A few days ago, a schooner belonging to Belleville, N. J. upset in the Bay in a gale of wind. All the persons on board the vessel were saved, except Capt. Zenus Crane, of Coldwell, who was in the cabin at the time, with several passengers—they informed him the schooner was going over, and each one leaped out of the cabin, but he being hindmost was struck with the boom, and not being able to swim, was drowned.

Marriages.

November 11th.—By the Rev. G. Seixas, Naphtali Judah, to Miss Hetty Hendricks, daughter of Uriah Hendricks deceased.

13th.—At Trenton, by the Rev. Andrew Hunter, Mr. Philip Van Courtlandt, jun. of Onondaga, state of New-York, to Miss Abigail Jouett, of Elizabethtown, N. J.

15th.—By the Rev. Mr. Wall, Mr. W. Kenleyson to Miss Mary Ann Losey, of Poughkeepsie.

17th.—By the Rev. Bishop Moore, William Rogers Esq. to Mrs. Ann Cruger, both of this city.

By the Rev Mr. Pilmoore, Mr. George Waite, Printer, to Miss Louisa Amelia Seixas, daughter of Mr. J. Seixas, merchant, of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Proudfoot, Mr. Samuel Mabbatt, to Miss Jemima Holloway.

18th.—By the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Christopher Walsh, to the amiable Miss Sophia O'Brien, daughter of J. O'Brien, Esq. of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Manley, Mr. James Brewer of Peckskill, to Miss Ann Brotherson, daughter of John Brotherson, Esq. of Orange.

At Boston, Mr. John Pierce, to Miss Nancy Bates.

19th.—By the Rev. Mr. Abeel, Mr. John Foley, merchant, to Miss E. Shaw daughter of John Shaw, Esq. of this city.

Deaths.

Of a short illness, Miss Margaret Feigenheim, in the 17th year of her age, beloved and respected by all her acquaintance.

Of a short illness, at Flushing, Long-Island, Mr. Richard T. Lawrence, a respectable merchant of this city.

Very suddenly, in the 80th year of her age, Mrs. Hannah Ivers, wife of Thomas Ivers, Esq. of this city.

Suddenly, highly esteemed and much lamented, Mrs. G. Walton, consort of the late Abraham Walton, Esq.

At his seat in Newark Wm. Peartree Smith, Esq. in the 78th year of his age.

After a lingering illness which she bore with christian fortitude, Mrs. Kuypers, the amiable wife of the Rev. G. Kuypers, of this city.